

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duke. A creature vnpre-par'd, vnmeet for death, And to transport him in the minde he is, Were damnable.

Pro. Heere in the prison, Father, There died this morning of a cruell Feaour, One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate, A man of *Claudios* yeares: his beard, and head Lust of his colour: What if we do omit This Reprobate, till he were wel enclin'd, And satisfie the Deputie with the visage Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides: Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on Prefix by *Angelo*: See this be done, And sent according to command, whiles I Perswade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently: But *Barnardine* must die this afternoone, And how shall we continue *Claudio*, To saue me from the danger that might come, If he were knowne aliue?

Duke. Let this be done, Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*, Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting To yond generation, you shall finde Your safetie manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant.

Exit.

Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*. Now wil I write Letters to *Angelo*, (The Prouost he shal beare them) whose contents Shal witnesse to him I am nere at home: And that by great Iniunctions I am bound To enter publicly: him Ile desire To meet me at the consecrated Fount, A League below the Citie: and from thence, By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd formes, We shal proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Prouost.

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

Duke. Conuenient is it: Make a swift returne, For I would commune with you of such things, That want no care but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speede.

Exit.

Isabella within.

Isa. Peace hoa, be heere.

Duke. The tongue of *Isabella*. She's come to know, If yet her brothers pardon be come hither: But I will keepe her ignorant of her good, To make her heavenly comforts of dispaire, When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Hoa, by your leaue.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

Isa. The better giuen me by so holy a man, Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabella*, from the world, His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other, Shew your wisdom daughter in your close patience.

Isa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.

Duke. You shal not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Vnhappie *Claudio*, wretched *Isabella*.

Iniurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot, Forbeare it therefore, giue your cause to heauen, Marke what I say, which you shal finde By euery syllable a faithfull veritie. The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes, One of our Couent, and his Confessor Giues me this instance: Already he hath carried Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*.

Who do prepare to meete him at the gates, (dome, There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your will In that good path that I would wish it go, And you shal haue your bosome on this wretch, Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart, And general Honor.

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duke. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* giue, 'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne: Say, by this token, I desire his companie At *Mariana*'s house to night. Her cause, and yours Ile perfect him withall, and he shal bring you Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo* Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe, I am combin'd by a sacred Vow, And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter: Command these fretting waters from your eies With a light heart; trust not my holie Order If I peruert your course: whose heere?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good euen;

Friar, where's the Prouost?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh prettie *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitfull Meale would serue mee too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow. By my troth *Isabella* I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fantastical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had liued.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marueilous little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he liues not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I do: he's a better woodman than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'l answer this one day: Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee.

I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You haue told me too many of him already sit if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wenck with childe.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it, They would els haue married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honest, rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end: if baudy talke offend you, we'l haue very little of it: nay Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I shal sticke.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Escalus.

Esc. Euery Letter he hath writ, hath discou'ch'd other.

Ang.

An. In most vneuen and distracted manner, his actions show much like to madnesse, pray heauen his wisdom be not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and re- liuer ou rauthorities there?

Ese. I ghesse not.

Ang. And why should wee proclaime it in an howre before his entring, that if any craue redresse of iniustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Ese. He shewes his reason for that: to haue a dispatch of Complaints, and so deliuer vs from deuices heere- after, which shall then haue no power to stand against vs.

Ang. Well: I beseech you let it bee proclaim'd be- times 'th' morne, Ile call you at your house: giue notice to such men of sort and suite as are to meete him.

Ese. I shall sir: fare you well.

Exit.

Ang. Good night.

This deede vnshapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid, And by an eminent body, that enforc'd The Law against it? But that her tender shame Will not proclaime against her maiden losse, How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no, For my Authority beares of a credent bulke, That no particular scandall once can touch But it confounds the breather. He should haue liu'd, Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous fence Might in the times to come haue ta'ne reuenge By so receiuing a dishonor'd life With ransome of such shame: would yet he had liued. Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot, Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exe.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Friar Peter.

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliuer me, The Prouost knowes our purpose and our plot, The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction And hold you euer to our speciall drift, Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that As cause doth minister: Goe call at *Flauia*'s house, And tell him where I stay: giue the like notice To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craffus*, And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate: But send me *Flauius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrinus.

Duke. I thank thee *Varrinus*, thou hast made good hast, Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends Will greet vs here anon: my gentle *Varrinus*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isa. To speake so indirectly I am loath, I would say the truth, but to accuse him so That is your part, yet I am aduis'd to doe it He saies, to vaile full purpose.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides he tells me, that if peraduenture He speake against me on the aduerse side, I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a physicke That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would Friar *Peter*

Isab. Oh peace, the Friar is come.

Peter. Come I haue found you out a stand most fit, Where you may haue such vantage on the Duke He shall not passe you: Twice haue the Trumpets sounded. The generous, and grauest Citizens Haue hent the gates, and very nere vpon The Duke is entring: Therefore hence away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrinus, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Citizens at severall doores.

Duk. My very worthy Cosen, fairely met, Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. Esc. Happy returne be to your royall grace.

Duk. Many and hartly thankings to you both: We haue made enquiry of you, and we heare Such goodnesse of your Iustice, that our soule Cannot but yeeld you forth to publike thanks Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater. *Duk.* Oh your desert speaks loud, & I should wrong it To locke it in the wards of couert bosome When it deserues with characters of brasse A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time, And razure of obliuion: Giue we your hand And let the Subiect see, to make them know That outward curtesies would faine proclaime Fauours that keepe within: Come *Escalus*, You must walke by vs, on our other hand: And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time

Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Isab. Iustice, O royall Duke, vaile your regard Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine haue said a Maid) Oh worthy Prince, dishonor not your eye By throwing it on any other object, Till you haue heard me, in my true complaint, And giuen me Iustice, Iustice, Iustice, Iustice.

Duk. Relate your wrongs;

In what, by whom? be briefe:

Here is Lord *Angelo* shall giue you Iustice, Reueale your selfe to him.

Isab. Oh worthy Duke,

You bid me seeke redemption of the diuell, Heare me your selfe: for that which I must speake Must either punish me, not being beleeu'd, Or wring redresse from you: Heare me: oh heare me, heere:

Ang. My Lord, her wits I feare me are not firme: She hath bin a suitor to me, for her Brother Cut off by course of Iustice.

Isab. By course of Iustice.

Ang. And she will speake most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most